Connecticut College
Digital Commons @ Connecticut College

Historic Sheet Music Collection | Greer Music Library

1913

When the Maple Leaves Were Falling

Tell Taylor

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.conncoll.edu/sheetmusic

Recommended Citation
Taylor, Tell, "When the Maple Leaves Were Falling" (1913). *Historic Sheet Music Collection*. 1717.
http://digitalcommons.conncoll.edu/sheetmusic/1717

This Score is brought to you for free and open access by the Greer Music Library at Digital Commons @ Connecticut College. It has been accepted for inclusion in Historic Sheet Music Collection by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Connecticut College. For more information, please contact bpancier@conncoll.edu.
The views expressed in this paper are solely those of the author.

WHEN THE MAPLE LEAVES WERE FALLING

by TELL TAYLOR

WRITER OF

DOWN by the OLD MILLSTREAM

TELL TAYLOR
MUSIC PUBLISHER
NEW YORK CHICAGO

When The Maple Leaves Were Falling

By TELL TAYLOR
Comp. of "Down By The Old Mill Stream" etc.

In slow waltz time

mf

p

Sweet-heart, the sun - set is gleam ing —
Long years have passed since we wan - dered —

rall

p

Far in the gold - en west, — That is the time that I'm
Down that old sha - dy lane, — Your eyes to me are as

cresc.

cresc.

Copyright MCMXIII by Tell Taylor

International Copyright Secured

dream - ing, Of one that I love best;
bright dear, Your love is just the same;

Time can not change my af - fec - tion, Tho' it is
No flow'r that grows could be sweet - er, Kissed by the

years since we met. You gave me your love and
morn - ing dew. This is my sto - ry and

I gave you mine, That's why I can not for - get.
all I can say, Is that I want you, just you.

REFRAIN *Slow and with expression.*

When the map - le leaves were fall - ing, And the sky was turn - ing

p

gold, Down the lane we strolled to - geth - er, There our tales of love we

told; You were dressed up in your ging - ham, Just as sweet as you could

rall *rit.*

be, When the map - le leaves were fall - ing, You gave your love to me.

rall *rit.*

When The Maple Leaves Were Falling

MALE QUARTET

Arr. by Chas. Miller.

Slow *p*

1st TENOR
2nd TENOR

When the ma-ple leaves were fall-ing, And the sky was turn-ing

p

BARITONE SOLO

When the ma-ple leaves were fall-ing, And the sky was turn-ing

BASS

p

gold, Down the lane we strolled to-geth-er, There our tales of love we

gold, Down the lane we strolled to-geth-er, There our tales of love we

told, we told; You were dressed up in your ging-ham, Just as sweet as you could

told; ___ You were dressed up in your ging-ham, Just as sweet as you could

rall *rit.*

be, ___ When the ma-ple leaves were fall-ing, You gave your love to me, to me.

rall *rit.*

be, ___ When the ma-ple leaves were fall-ing, You gave your love to me, to me.

rit.

me.

The H. S. TALBOT CO.
Printers of Music
Chicago, Ill.

Mac Lutsch

BEAUTIFUL HOME SONGS

Mother of Mine

REFRAIN.

GEO. A. LITTLE and J. D STANLEY.

Moth-er of mine, moth-er of mine, Seems that you're al-ways be - side me Your eyes di-vine ev-er will shine,

Through all my sor-row you guide me When on the day I pass a-way, To that new land of sun shine, A

Bless the Day I First Met You

REFRAIN. *Slow with expression.*

TELL TAYLOR & CHAS MILLER.

Bless the day I first met you; How the sun was shin-ing down, Ev-'ry thing was bright and gay In that

lit-tle coun-try town; (where you lived) You were like a red, red rose, And your cheeks were blushing too;

To Morrow May Bring Me You

REFRAIN. *Very slow.*

GEORGE A. LITTLE & CHAS. A. PIERCE

-mor-row may bring us the sun - shine, And still it might bring us some rain, To -

mor-row may bring us some sor - - row, That might fill our hearts, with pain; A -

Tell Taylor *Music Publisher* GRAND OPERA HOUSE CHICAGO